WAYSIDE FLOWERS

RELIGIOUS AND MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

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Mrs. Elizabeth Otis Dannelly.

WAYSIDE FLOWERS

RELIGIOUS AND MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

BY

MRS. ELIZABETH OTIS DANNELLY,

AUTHOR OF CACTUS: OR THORNS AND BLOSSOMS.

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DEDICATED

TO MY AGED PARENTS, WITH THE HOPE THAT THESE WAYSIDE FLOWERS WILL BRIGHTEN THEIR FUTURE PATHWAY AND CHEER THEIR DECLINING YEARS.

PREFACE.

Not like showy, rare exotics nurtured beneath the watchful eye and skillful hand of the florist, into a state of beautiful perfection; but like modest wayside flowers, of common form and hue, peeping, unobserved, from among the grasses along the rugged and winding pathway, are these simple, little poems. Not like the artistic bouquet of roses and camillias tastefully arranged by the exquisite hand of beauty; but like a bunch of wild flowers, a handful of cowslips and violets, culled in a country ramble, are these everyday thoughts and gleanings. Though they may soon fade from the minds of my readers, may they, at least, serve to brighten some heart or home, and leave there an abiding fragrance.

At the suggestion of friends, "Has She Any Tin" has been added," which is the only selection from Cactus: or Thorns and Blossoms.

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THE BIBLE.

O friends! if there is one great thing in this world, it is the Bible of God; great in origin, great in thought, great in promise, great in beauty, great in purpose, great in power, great in its results! It hangs as by a golden cord from the throne of the Highest, and all Heaven's light, life, love and sweetness come down into it for us. It hangs there like a celestial harp; the daughters of sorrow tune it, and awake a strain of consolation. The hand of joy strikes it and feels a diviner note of gladness. The sinner comes to it and it discourses to him of an intercessor and immortal kingdom. The dying man lays his trembling hand on it, and there steals thence into his soul the promise, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." "When thou passest through the waters, they shall not overflow thee; and through the fires, thou shalt not be burned." "Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world!" "The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death." "This mortal shall put on immortality, and this corruptible shall put on incor ruption, and death shall be swallowed up in victory." Where is promise, where is philosophy, where is song like this? Magnify the word of God!

REV. E. E. ADAMS.

Wayside Flowers.

RELIGIOUS POEMS.

ALL THINGS.

And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God. Romans viii, 28.

Oh, can it be that all these things
So fraught with mystery and woe;
These evils that beset my life;
These seeming ills that grieve me so
Must work for good to me!

That all these strange, these wondrous things,
Wherein we can discern no good,
Must one day wear another phase,
Must one day all be understood,
And deemed the best for me!

Yes, as the varied, scattered threads
Within the weaver's hands combine
To form the fabric, slowly wrought,
Into the beauteous, chaste design
From tangled, knotted floss;

So, must these things "together" work
To form a grand, harmonious whole,
Perfect our Maker's great design,
And fit, on earth, the immortal soul
For happiness and Heaven.

Beneath the chemist's skillful hand
'Tis known that bitters sometimes meet,
And, in a combination strange,
Unite to form a substance sweet,
And pleasant to the taste.

Then let me not refuse to drink
The bitter wormwood and the gall;
For e'en the dregs were I compelled,
In tears and grief, to drain them all
Must yet to sweetness turn.

For all things work for good to me,
Not separate, they "together" meet,
And strangely, too, they each combine
To make my life in Christ complete,
And consummate His will.

Then let me never more repine,
Or e'er indulge a vain regret,
While God's eternal word proclaims
That all things whatsoever, yet,
Must work for good to me!

A MOTHER'S PRAYER.

I pray not that thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that thou shouldst keep them from the evil. John xvii, 15.

Lord, bless my darling boy,
Be Thou his constant stay,
Protect him, in the evil hour,
And guide him on his way.

When sore temptations rise,
To lure him from the right,
Oh, give him strength to meet the foe,
And arm him for the fight.

Out in "the wide, wide world,"
How thick the dangers lie!
Lord, shield and watch my darling boy,
He sees no evil nigh.

Give me what seemeth best,
Withhold from me each joy,
But let not sorrow blight his life;
Lord, bless my darling boy.

ASK AND YE SHALL RECEIVE.

If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you. John xv, 7.

What shall I ask! my heart inured
To suffering and woe,
Would sigh for brighter, happier scenes;
Would more of gladness know;

And yet, I dare not ask Thee, Lord,
To give me naught but joy;
For oft the fairest things are false,
And charm but to destroy.

I cannot trust my froward heart
To lead the way for me,
Lest in forbidden paths I go,
And drift away from Thee.

Tho' oft my weary, burdened soul
Would long for naught but rest,
I cannot even plead for that,
For Lord, Thou knowest best.

Then, do as seemeth good to Thee,
I have no boon to ask,
Save faith and wisdom, hope and love,
And grace with every task.

DOING YOUR BEST.

Then said they unto him, what shall we do, that we might work the works of God?

Jesus answered and said unto them, this is the work of God, that ye believe on him whom he hath sent. John vi, 28-29.

For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God.

Not of works, lest any man should boast. Eph. ii, 8-9.

'Tis trusting in Jesus,
Not "doing your best,"
Oh, this is the way
To get pardon and rest.
The work has been finished,
There's nothing to do
Except to believe
'Twas accomplished for you.

Tho' lost your condition,
Tho' ruined and sad,
There's naught you can offer,
There's nothing to add,
Accept the "glad tidings,"
So wondrous and true,
For oh, 'tis not "doing,"
But ceasing to do.

Does this seem too easy,
"Too good to be true?"

Do you still ask the question,
"Oh, what must I do?"
Take God at His word
When he tells you 'tis done,
That the debt was all paid
By His crucified Son.

Oh, doubt no more, sinner,
'Tis only the lost,
Not the good, that He saves
At an infinite cost.
Remember this lesson,
The secret of rest,
'Tis trusting in Jesus,
Not "doing your best."

HOW CHEERING TO REMEMBER!

And it shall come to pass, when I bring a cloud over the earth, that the bow shall be seen in the cloud. Gen. ix, 14.

How cheering to remember,
'Mid the toils and cares of life,
That He, who sends our sorrows,
Will sustain us in the strife!
When clouds of darkness gather,
And o'ercast our earthly skies,
When out upon the thick'ning gloom,
We look with tearful eyes.

How cheering to remember,
O, how comforting to know
That He, who sends the angry cloud,
Reveals the radiant bow!
How cheering to remember
That His covenant must stand,
That soon the raging billows
Must subside beneath His hand.

That God commands the waters.
No further can they go
Spanned by the emblem of His love
The bright and beauteous bow!
A token that no swelling flood
Shall e'er destroy the soul
Tho' howling blasts around us sweep,
And high the billows roll.

How cheering to remember
That our Father will provide,
Speak peace unto the restless waves
And stay the rushing tide,
Who in his everlasting love,
His only Son hath given,
The bow that spans creation's gloom,
Uniting earth and Heaven!

HE DOETH ALL THINGS WELL.

In memory of Ophelia Louise Booth; and affectionately inscribed to her bereaved friends.

"He doeth all things well,"
This truth 'tis sweet to know,
And yet how heavy seems the rod
How crushing is the blow!

How close our heart-strings twined
Around our darling one!
How desolate and dark is life,
How wretched and undone.

Without her sunny smile;
Her sweet and loving ways;
Her voice, the music of our home,
And solace of our days!

How sad the human side!
How gloomy is the grave
Unless, by faith, we look beyond
To Him who died to save!

Then let us cease to weep,
Submissive to His will;
Let hopes of resurrection's bliss,
Our aching bosoms fill.

For oh, it is a truth,
So comforting to tell,
Though strange may seem His discipline,
"He doeth all things well."

IN THE DARKNESS.

Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him. Job xiii, 15.

We realize our Father's love
When all is fair and bright,
When, 'neath the radiance of His smile,
We walk through paths of light.

But O it is a nobler thing,
A triumph greater far,
To trust Him when the night is dark,
Without a beacon star!

To claim His deep, unchanging love
When all things earthly fail,
To say, O Lord I still believe,
To look beyond the vale,

To cry, though Thou should slay me, Lord,
Or crush me to the dust,
"My heart is fixed," and evermore
In Thee I yet will trust.

It is a blessed privilege
To see, to feel, to know;
But faith must rise to heights sublime
When, in the midst of woe,

We still can claim our Father's love,
And, even while we grieve,
Can say, though hidden be Thy face,
O Lord, I yet believe!

IF IN THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

If in the voyage of life, dear Lord,
I've drifted far at sea,
Send gentle breezes, fraught with love,
To waft me back to Thee.
Let not my fragile bark go down
Mid waters dark and deep;
But gently turn the wayward sails
From where the dangers sleep.

If storms it takes to rescue me
Then, Savior, let them come;
I'll soon forget the billows' roar
When anchored safe at home.
The blood-dyed streamers on my bark
Will float as glad and free,

As though in calmness they had waved
Above a placid sea.

If in the voyage of life, dear Lord,
Weights have beset my bark
To sink her down with burdens great,
Beneath the ocean dark,
Cast overboard the gathered freight,
Reject the worthless lore;
But let her, though in emptiness
Land on the "other shore."

LOVE SERVICE.

Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him. For He knoweth our frame; He remembereth that we are dust. Psalms ciii, 13-14.

A mother was languid and weary
From service, unvaried and long;
In form she was frail as a flower,
And only in will was she strong.
As she longed for relief from her burdens,
Her brave little boy standing near,
Caught the sigh she endeavored to smother,
And discovered the unbidden tear.
"Let me help you," he cried, "dearest mother,
O pray, let me do all the work,

I'll get thro' it ever so quickly,
And promise I nothing will shirk!"
So with good will, he swept and he dusted,
But left alas! half of the trash,
The table was cleared of its dishes,
But they came to the floor with a crash;
The beds were made up in a hurry,
But many a wrinkle was seen,
While the mother looked on in approval,
And smiled on her darling, serene.
No look of impatience was given,
No word of fault-finding expressed,
His blunders were all disregarded
Because he was doing his best.
Thus God, our kind, patient Father,
Accepts our poor service of love,
And looks on His weak, erring children,
With compassionate smiles from above.
When the heart is renewed by His spirit,
And its motives are pure and right,
Tho' much of the human clings to us,
Our blunders are lost to His sight;
Tho' we render but imperfect service,
We are saved by redemption's great plan,
And God is content with our offering
When we serve Him as well as we can.

LAYING THE CORNER STONE.

Written on the occasion of laying the corner-stone of the Presbyterian Church, at Relay, Maryland, April 8th, 1880.

Upon this consecrated spot,
Amid harmonious rills,
Where nature charms the eager eye,
And smiles o'er verdant hills;

To Thee, Oh, Lord, in gratitude,
A Temple would we raise
Devoted to eternal truth,
And to Thine earthly praise.

With thankful hearts we've gathered now
To lay this corner-stone,
Oh, Lord, accept this offering,
This humble service own.

While time shall last, here may it rest
This strange, historic* stone,
Where Thou in all Thine attributes,
In wondrous love art known.

A higher purpose here to serve,
A nobler place to fill,

*This was the foundation stone, in the corner-stone, of the old, Masonic Temple, Baltimore, and is said to have passed through many hands before reaching its present location.

Where generations yet shall come
To learn Thy sovereign will.

Oh, may this dedicated germ
Receive Thy tender care;
Oh, may it ever grow in strength,
And fruit abundant bear;

And, when this work of human hands
Shall crumble into dust;
When they who in Thy service toil
Resign their sacred trust;

When Christ hath sought His jewels out,
And gathered them on high,
Where anthems of eternal praise
Re-echo through the sky;

May thousands of the blood-washed throng,
Who stand in white array,
Look through the vista of the past,
And bless this joyous day.

REJOICE AND BE EXCEEDING GLAD.

Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake. Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven. Matt. v, 11-12.

Rejoice, and be exceeding glad,
Heed not the world's contemptuous frown;
Should false accusers blast thy name,
Remember then, thy promised crown.

Remember that the hand that sends
The arrow to thy guiltless breast
Prepares for thee eternal joys,
And numbers thee among the blest.

Remember that the one who steals,
From thee, thy purest brightest gem
Resets it in thy Heavenly crown,
And forms thy royal diadem.

The laurels snatched by envy's hand,
And trampled on thy pathway now,
Will one day, in eternal bloom,
Entwine thy consecrated brow.

Rejoice and be exceeding glad
When evil men against thee rise,
Beyond the earth they cannot go,
Reward awaits thee in the skies.

For God's unchanging word declares
That blood, from wounds, by mortals given,
Shall be our passport to the skies,
Besprinkled on the gates of Heaven.

SHADOWS.

Our days on the earth are as a shadow, and there is none abiding. I. Chron. xxix, 15.

When the sun with golden light,
Illumes the noonday sky,
Beneath the brightest of his beams
The darkest shadows lie.

Thus over man hath nature fixed
A sad, unchanging doom,
His path, thro' life, must be o'ercast,
By shadows or by gloom.

When bright above us fortune smiles,
And hope illumes our way,
There softly falls, amid the light,
The shades of sombre gray.

For sorrows ever follow joys,
As shadows follow light,
The bluest sky is not all blue,
The gayest life all bright.

THE LITTLE BOY WHO PUT HIMSELF INTO THE PLATE.

Long years ago, on England's soil,
A little boy once dwelt,
The power of whose influence
E'en to this day is felt.

He heard a missionary tell
About the heathen's doom,
And how in ignorance of Christ,
They live in hopeless gloom.

His eyes were filled with pitying tears,
And when the plate went 'round,
His little pockets, well, he searched,
But naught alas! was found

Save rusty nails and bits of twine,
How very sad his fate!
He looked upon the glittering gold,
And silver in the plate,

And with a heavy heart bemoaned
His poverty and grief.
What could he do! At last this thought
Came quick to his relief:

I'm but a poor and little boy,
I can do nothing great,
But I can whisper that I'll put
Myself into the plate.

And thus he gave himself to God,
And, when a man, he went
To tell the heathen race of Christ,
And urge them to repent.

Thus children, you can each one put
Yourselves into the plate,
And though you may be very small,
God will pronounce you great.

THE CROWN OF CROWNS.

And they clothed him with purple, and platted a crown of thorns, and put it about his head. Mark xv, 17.

Rarest gems of priceless value,
Dazzling with reflected light,
Glitter in the crowns of monarchs,
Sceptered rulers, clothed in might.

Yet no coronet of jewels,
That the royal brow adorns,
Hath a value or a power,
Like unto "the crown of thorns."

Platted by malicious fingers,
Woven 'neath the smile of scorn,
Sacred shall it be regarded
By the millions yet unborn.

Other crowns to dust shall crumble,
And forgotten shall they be,
But the "crown of thorns" shall ever
Bear the stamp of royalty;

And to Him, who meekly wore it,
Every knee, at last, shall bow;
Even they who rudely placed it
On His kingly, godly brow.

At His feet shall crowns be showered
By angelic hosts above
While they shout, in loud hosannas,
Adoration, praise and love.

But no diadem, celestial,
That a seraph's brow adorns,
Bears a value so intrinsic,
Crown of crowns, the "crown of thorns!'

THROUGH TRIBULATION.

These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

They shall hunger no more neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat.

For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them into living fountains of water; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes. Rev. vii, 14-16-17

Not from Mammon's golden temple,
Not from fame's unsullied shrine,
Not from thrones of royal grandeur,
Where resplendent jewels shine.

Not from halls of mirth and feasting,
Not from beauty's fair retreat,
Not from some enchanted circle,
Charmed by strains of music sweet.

Not from flowery paths of pleasure,
Not from festive scenes so gay,
Came this multitude, unnumbered,
Came this throng in white array.

But thro' grief and tribulation,
O'er a rough and thorny way,
Often bathed in tears of anguish,
Came this throng in white array.

Thro' rebuffs and disappointments,
Persecutions, toil and shame,

Thro' disease and sore affliction,
Sad and wearily they came.

A multitude no man can number,
Bearing each the victor's palm,
Washed in blood and saved forever
Thro' the merits of the Lamb.

TEMPTED.

There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man; but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it. 1. Cor. x, 13.

Oh, cheer me, my Savior,
For clouds gather now,
They are shading my heart,
And o'ercasting my brow,
Come drive them away,
With the light from thine eyes;
Oh, smile on me Savior,
And brighten my skies.

I'm tempted, dear Savior,
The false one is nigh,
He seeks to distress me,
And whispers a lie;

Oh, speak to me sweetly,
And drown with thy voice
The whisp'rings of Satan,
And bid me rejoice.

For I'm tempted, dear Savior,
I'm groping in night,
While above me Thy face,
Like the sun shineth bright;
Oh, let me gaze on it,
And catch but a ray
To light up my night
With the lustre of day.

WORDS TO SABBATH-SCHOOL TEACHERS.

He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him. Psalms cxxvi, 6.

Eternity alone can tell,
Ye guardians of the young,
How many bright and radiant stars
From sabbath-schools have sprung!

How many pure and blood-bought souls,
Shall unto you be given,
How many gems shall stud the crown
Reserved for you in Heaven!

Eternity alone can tell,
The greatness of your mission,
The value of your just reward,
How blessed your condition.

As millions of your pupils join
In joyful, sweet communion,
Led on to victory and Christ,
And rescued by your union!

Then, let this glad'ning, precious thought
Of sabbath-schools, inspire
To nobler deeds, to holier zeal,
To effort greater, higher.

And when eternity shall tell,
In triumph all the story,
Reward shall evermore be thine,
But Christ shall have the glory.

ONLY A LITTLE CHILD.

Only a little child;
But Jesus loves me too,
And from the shining realms he came
My nature to renew.

Only a little child;
But sin hath left its stain
So deep and dark upon my heart,
I "must be born again."

Only a little child;
But Heaven I can gain,
And in the precious blood of Christ
Can wash away the stain.

Only a little child;
But Jesus I can love,
And reign with him forever more
In happiness above.

SHE SWEPT UNDER THE RUGS.

Only a little servant,
But she heard the preacher say
That Jesus would forgive her sins,
And take them all away.

He told her that the Scriptures
She with eagerness must search,
And, when she was converted,
She must come and join the church.

So she went one Sunday morning,
To comply with this command,
And when the doors were opened,
Promptly rose and gave her hand.

The preacher asked: "How can you tell
That you are born again?
How do you know your heart is changed?
Your hopes may all be vain."

"Well, once I used to slight my work,
I wouldn't wash the jugs;
Now, when I brush the carpet off,
I sweep beneath the rugs."

Oh, how is it, dear Christian
In your own, your daily life,
Can you apply this simple test
Amid its toil and strife?

Perhaps your heart is wayward,
And a sin, forbidden, hugs;
Perhaps you are neglecting now
To sweep beneath the rugs.

The rugs may be of velvet fine,
And wrought in patterns rare,
But, if they are not often turned,
The dust will gather there.

Thus, in the heart, may secret sins
Be hidden from the light,
Until the Spirit's cleansing power
Reveals them to the sight.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A NATION WEEPS.

Suggested by the burning of Secretary Tracy's home, in Washington City, Feb. 3, 1890, at which time his wife and daughter, also the daughter of Secretary Blaine, lost their lives.

A nation weeps! She stands aghast,
And shudders at the horrid sight;
A scene too awful to describe,
Enacted on that fatal night.
Proud Washington has bowed her head,
And donned the drapery of death;
She views the desolation wild,
And mutely stares with bated breath.

The voice of revelry has ceased,
The music of the dancers gay,
And o'er a stricken city hangs
The heavy shadows of dismay.
The anxious crowd, in groups, discuss
The direful doings of the flame
Which, in the darkness of the night,
With unrelenting fury came.

The peaceful household slept serene,
Nor felt the fire-fiend's scorching breath

Till crimson flames illumed the sky,
And warned them of approaching death;
Till with the rosy beams of morn
The sunlight came in golden rays,
It paled before the sick'ning sight,
And faded in a brighter blaze.

The firemen came with dashing speed,
And sought to avert the awful fate.
Alas! alas! these heroes brave
Were summoned there, too late! too late!
Three precious lives were sacrificed;
Had met their sad and dismal doom,
And, buried 'neath the ruins there,
Awaited but the shroud and tomb.

The eve before, a mother's smiles
Beamed kindly on the social group;
The cordial "good night" passed each lip
And all retired with love and hope.
The friend who slumbered 'neath their roof,
Was called to sleep her last, long sleep,
And those who have survived the wreck
Are spared alas! to mourn and weep.

Friend vied with friend in kindly deeds,
And sought to soothe the stunning blow;
But human sympathy must fail
To soften such distress and woe.

A nation weeps, and long will wear
The veil of mourning o'er her brow;
Her heart is touched with pity deep,
Her smiles have all departed now.

A BANKER'S EVENTFUL JOURNEY.

Once in a western forest
Where the thicket densely grew,
Where the golden light of heaven
Scarcely dared to struggle through;
There groped a weary traveler,
Who had blindly lost his way.
As the shades of night grew darker,
And dispelled the light of day.
Foul murders had polluted oft
This dismal lone retreat;
And here had robbers banded
With their hidden, stealthy feet—
A thrill of horror darted
Through his wild and frenzied mind,
As in despair no beaten road
Or pathway could he find.
At last a distant ray of light
His anxious eye discerned,
And gladdened by this gleam of hope

His faithful steed he turned;
He reached a wretched cabin,
Scarce a fit abode for man—
Perhaps the den of robbers—
Oh! imagine if you can,
His awe and strange emotion
As he neared the creaking door,
Where none perhaps but ruffians
Had ever knocked before.
'Twas opened by a woman,
Who beheld him with surprise,
As the cause of his intrusion
She endeavored to surmise.
She told him that her husband,
Who would presently return,
Had been out all day hunting
That he might a living earn;
But she thought he'd give him shelter
From the wintery chilling air.
She told him to unhitch his horse,
And offered him a chair;
He sat and mused in silence,
His alarm was very great,
He expected an encounter,
And was doubtful of his fate,
For hidden in his pockets
There were bank-bills by the score,
Concealed about his person

Precious gems and valued ore.
At length the man in deer-skin shirt
And bear-skin cap attired,
The hunter came with weary tread,
For many a shot he'd fired.
As hours passed he silent sat,
Was in no talking mood,
And this the anxious traveler thought
Betokened naught of good.
He took his loaded pistols out,
And placed them by his side,
Determined to sell dear his life
Where braver men had died.
At last the old man drowsy grew,
And asked him to retire;
But no, he said he'd rather sit
All night before the fire.
Well, stranger, then the old man said,
I'll let you have your way,
But always ere I go to bed
I read God's word and pray.
Then stepping to a wooden shelf.
He reverently took down
A Bible, dingy, old and worn,
And soon a chapter found.
The traveler was an infidel
He scorned the Holy Book,
Its sacred counsel oft condemned

And paths of right forsook;
But what a change came o'er his mind,
How very calm he grew,
There was no reason for alarm,
Now this full well he knew.
That night he slept as still and calm,
As 'neath his father's roof,
The skeptic was convinced at last,
Of this he soon gave proof;
For from that long remembered night
He ne'er reviled again
The Holy Word the Book of books,
That none shall read in vain.
A Christian he at last became
And often told the story
Of how his wayward steps were turned
From sin, to God and glory.

A BIRTHDAY TRIBUTE TO A DISTINGUISHED ARTIST.

Forty-four years ago there was lighted a taper on earth,
A beautiful German custom typical of a birth.
Each year hath another been added,
A candle with steadier flame

Till a light of a glorious effulgence
Betokens the zenith of fame;
Each year hath thy genius developed,
And thy life hath more beautiful grown
In the midst of ethereal visions,
And loveliness all their own;
Thou has dwelt in a world of beauty:
Thou has looked through the artist's eye
On the earth, with its native grandeur,
On the roseate hues of the sky;
Thou has felt the joy of the poet,
Unknown to the coarser soul,
And the mellow strains of music
Have wielded a sweet control,
Till thy life is a flood of sunshine,
All beautiful and bright,
And we hail thy glad'ning presence as
A meteor of light.
May the candles still be added,
And the radiance brighter grow;
May the shadows never follow,
Though they blend with lights we know·
May thy life go out in brightness
Like the sun who sinks to rest,
With its crimson mantle folded
About his peaceful breast.

A TRIBUTE TO THE CHAUTAUQUA LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC CIRCLE.

Written for the Second Anniversary of the Chautauqua Local Circle, Waxahachie, Texas.

We meet to-night, with light and hopeful hearts,
To celebrate our cherished Circle's natal day,
But two short years, since that auspicious time,
In social intercourse, have swiftly passed away.
Yet strong have grown the links of friendship's chain,
As through the flowery paths of wisdom we have trod;
As with one purpose and exalted aim,
We've onward pressed our way to science and to God.
"Knowledge is power." This we've realized
As oft with grateful hearts we've blest the noble band
That first, at Lake Chautauqua, conceived
The grandest, noblest scheme that e'er has blest our land,
Since then, scarce fourteen years have passed away;
Yet wide-spread, universal good is round us shed.
Vice, with its hideous form, bows down subdued,
And lies expiring 'neath Chautauquas crushing tread.
The march of science, with its steady tramp,
Invades the darkest corners of our glorious land;

Blind ignorance flees, before the conquering power,
And yields her dingy colors to Chautauqua's hand.
Enlightenment, with bright and smiling face,
With queenly dignity ascends the golden throne,
And, while she reigns the sovereign of our land,
This offspring of Chautauqua we proudly own.
Religion, with a halo 'round her head,
A torch of fire, celestial, in her sacred hand,
Bears light into the cot and palace home;
Illumes our nation at Chautauqua's command.
All honor to this Circle wise and true,
The grandest enterprise designed by human brain,
Thousands its lasting benefits extol;
But Heaven, alone, can register the total gain.

AIM HIGH.

Addressed to little Willie M. Wilson.

Aim high, my boy, let this through life
Thy motto ever be;
Remember that the brightest crown,
Though seldom won, is free.

Remember that our greatest men
Were once unknown to fame,
And that they each obtained success
Through an exalted aim.

Let not the petty ills of life
Thy onward course impede;
Determine that you'll be a man,
Determine to succeed.

Though oft the road may rugged seem
Let nothing daunt thy pluck;
Keep pushing onward to the end,
And never wait for luck.

Determine that you'll "do or die";
But, first, be sure you're right,
And that your acts will stand the test
In God's impartial sight.

Aim high, my boy, yes, be a man;
Aspire to wealth and fame,
And, on the highest pinnacle,
Go register thy name.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

Suggested by the following noted incident: "At the inauguration the Bible used in administering the oath, was a small, morocco covered, gilt edged volume, somewhat worn. It was the gift of Mr. Cleveland's mother when he left home as a young man, and at his special request was used on this occasion."

Time-worn, but treasured, is that sacred Book;
Preserved with care through many changing years

A faithful mother's loving, parting gift,
With prayers presented, and baptized with tears,
As out into the wide, wide world of strife,
Ere rugged paths her guileless boy had trod,
She sent him forth with pure, exalted aims,
And armed him with the panoply of God.
Bright were her visions as she bade him go
To climb aloft, the slippery hill of fame;
And yet, methinks, 'mid all those golden dreams,
No passing thought of such distinction came.
How little ween'd she that the precious Book,
With words of life, and food for Christian growth,
Would in the nation's glorious history bear
The impress of the presidential oath!
A mother's influence, who can tell its power!
Supreme in life, and living on in death,
Her prayers are precious in the sight of God,
Though long, perhaps, hath ceased the fleeting breath.
How sweet the thought that manhood great and [brave,
Should thus a mother's simple tribute prize,
And 'mid life's hard'ning strife his love retain,
For her, who pointed him beyond the skies!
Firm in the principles of truth and right,
Implanted by her kind and watchful care,
He stands, to wield the mighty rod of power,
To spurn the wrong, to do the right shall dare.
A nation's destiny shall brighter grow,

Though long-nursed evils may her course oppose,
With such a cabinet and ruler great,
She'll bid defiance to her strongest foes.
Faithful and honored statesmen, firm and true,
Each in the galaxy a brilliant star,
By none eclipsed, stands Mississippi's pride,
Beloved by all, our gifted own Lamar.
Forgetting all the sorrrows of the past,
Bright visions of a glorious future rise;
Our mammoth nation, grandest on the globe,
Shall still attract the world's admiring eyes.

A COQUETTE'S DILEMMA.

How shall I choose between my beaux,
For sure it is they'll each propose,
They fettered bow, at Cupid's shrine,
Enchained by him, these victim's mine!
No arrow yet has pierced my heart.
I'm proof against his fatal dart,
Though oft' I've tried its powers to prove
Alas! alas! I cannot love.
My siren songs I sweetly sang,
And conquests made without a pang,
Upon each beau serenely smiled,
And oft the innocent beguiled;

Thus years have passed in flirting schemes,
In broken vows and idle dreams;
But still so charming is the life
I can't consent to be a wife,
On one my love to concentrate,
And thus avoid the spinster's fate.
So varied are my numerous beaux,
I'm in a quandary, Heaven knows!
How shall I choose between them all,
The rich, the handsome, short and tall,
"The bright black eye, the melting blue,"
The love sick swain, with vows so true!
Alas! alas! were I less charming,
My case would not be so alarming.
I'm envied; yes, I know it well,
And yet 'tis sad to be a belle.
I'd rather be a modest flower,
Selected from some lonely bower
By one, with nature brave and true,
Than dazzle all with brilliant hue.
Some tiny star I'd rather be,
Whose calm, faint rays you scarce may see,
Then blaze on high, the central sun,
The light of all, the joy of none.
Alas! alas! a cold coquette,
I cannot love, I'm single yet,
How shall I teach this wayward heart
To enact a truer, nobler part!

A CENTENNIAL ODE TO NASHVILLE.

A hundred years have rolled away,
  Proud child of Tennessee,
Since on this spot you first awoke
  To life, so glad and free;
A hundred years thy heart has throbbed,
  A hundred years thou'st striven,
A hundred years have passed away
  Since first thy name was given.

And now of thee we fain would sing
  In stirring notes sublime,
Since on thy noble, honored brow
  Are traced the marks of time;
We fain would speak aloud thy praise.
  We fain would tell thy story,
And place upon thy regal brow
  The laurel wreath of glory.

But when the poet's grandest ode,
  Or tribute had been given,
In strains of sweetest melody,
  In notes inspired by Heaven,
We'd but exclaim, with Sheba's queen,
  That woman, great, of old,
Of Nashville and her destiny,
  "The half has not been told."

For firm has grown thine onward step,
And proud hath been thy bearing
And now on thy majestic brow
A diadem thou'rt wearing.
Queen of the West, the glorious West,
Proud child of Tennessee,
Whence Polk and Jackson sprung to bless
Our land of liberty

On this renowned centennial day
Thy praises would we sing,
And, with the thronging multitude,
Would generous tribute bring;
For well hast thou improved the past,
And nobly done thy part,
And ever filled an honored niche
Within the nation's heart.

Thy capitol of marble still
Defies the shock of time,
Thy churches, with their spires, rise
To lofty heights sublime,
Thy mansions, in their elegance,
Thy edifices rise
In architectural gracefulness,
Colossal in their size.

Thy streets with busy industry
And enterprise are rife,

And through thy many arteries
Are flowing streams of life.
Born in feeble infancy
A hundred years ago,
O who can tell thy destiny,
Thy future greatness show!

Proud science with religion joins
To swell thy well-earned fame,
The Vanderbilt, her pet and pride,
Asserts her worthy claim;
Refinement, wealth, all things combine,
Proud child of Tennessee,
To make this glad, centennial day
A day of jubilee.

A GOLDEN WEDDING.

Addressed to Mr. and Mrs. Ambrose A. White, Baltimore, Md., on the night of their golden wedding, celebrated April 23, 1883, at Edgewood, the country seat of their daughter, Mrs. Jos. A. Taney, of Maryland.

Blest, honored pair, beloved by all,
In life's sweet, calm decline,
What joy and peace must fill your breast,
What rapture must be thine.

As twilight shades, with fading beams,
Around thee gently close
In blended tints of sombre gray
With azure, gold and rose.

How few, in wedded love, survive
Through fifty changing years,
And mingle all their joys and hopes,
Their sorrows and their tears.

How doubly blest thy lot hath been!
Of all that youthful train,
Who launched with thee on life's broad sea,
How few of them remain!

In ripe old age you still survive,
Whilst children 'round thee rise
Bestowing on thee tender care,
And love in rich supplies;

Whilst each one to the other seems
More lovable and dear,
And stronger hath affection grown
With each returning year.

The blushing bride of long ago,
Is now a matron gray,
But yet her heart is quite as young
As on her wedding day.

The happy groom who claimed her then,
Hath wrinkles on his brow,
And though supremely blest was he,
More joyous is he now.

Time hath not robbed her of her charms,
But lovelier ones disclose,
Her virtues only multiply
As now she older grows.

Though thorns have sometimes found their way,
Among life's fairest flowers,
In glancing o'er its varied scenes,
How bright must seem the hours!

What gratitude must fill your hearts
That throbbed and fluttered so,
Upon that long remembered night,
Just fifty years ago.

May choicest blessings on thee rest,
This golden wedding night,
And may you still united be
In realms of fadeless light.

A SURE-ENOUGH FATHER IN HEAVEN.

Suggested by the words of a little boy, who said to his weeping mother as she watched by his dying bed-side: "Never mind mamma, I have a sure-enough Father in Heaven."

"A sure-enough Father in Heaven,"
A Father of mercy and love,
Who looks on His suffering children
With pitying smiles from above.

Our earthly papas may forget us,
And often may negligent prove;
But He will be constant forever,
For His is an infinite love.

He'll never grow cross or impatient,
He'll never grow distant or cold,
The same in the past, and forever,
He'll never grow feeble or old.

Then, why do you weep, dearest mother,
Don't seem so heart broken, I pray,
"I've a sure-enough Father in Heaven."
Oh, why do you wish me to stay!

Oh, why do you wish me to linger,
To live and to suffer below,
"I've a sure-enough Father in Heaven,"
And oh, I am longing to go!

Sometimes, it is true, you will miss me,
My place will be vacant, I know
But I've a dear Father in Heaven
Who loves me, and wants me to go.

"A sure-enough Father in Heaven
Farewell! I would rather not stay,
I'll go from the shadows and darkness
To a world that is brighter than day.

WEDDED TO ART.

Lines addressed to a distinguished artist, author of The Philosophy of Art in America, who remarked that he was wedded to art.

Tell me true, Oh, son of Genius,
Devotee to ancient art,
Hath it satisfied thy longings?
Hath its pleasures filled thy heart?

As you've looked with admiration,
On the sky's ethereal blue,
Hath it e'er suggested to thee
Love-lit eyes of brighter hue?

Does the face of radiant beauty,
Fair creation of thy brush,

Bring to mind some fadeless vision
Of a cheek with roseate blush?

Does the life-like form before thee,
Lacking but the human heart,
In its silent, pulseless beauty
Wake no yearnings, child of Art?

Hast thou met no kindred spirit,
With its influence sweet, divine?
Hath no heart, with fond emotions,
Beat in unison with thine?

Tell me true, Oh, son of Genius,
Favored by the gods above,
Hast thou ne'er, with such endowments,
Felt the passion known as love?

Does not something, all unbidden,
Not "the growth of human will,"
Though thou hush the whispered breathings,
Linger on and haunt thee still?

Are there not some tones, or glances
That thy heart can ne'er forget?
Do they not, like distant music,
Linger in thy memory yet?

Tell me true, Oh, son of Genius,
Wedded, as you say, to art,

Does this fair, long worshiped goddess
Always cheer, and fill thy heart?

Does she smile serenely on thee
Through "the long, long weary day?"
Does she drive away thy sadness.
Art thou always bright and gay?

Hath no fairer, living mortal
Rivaled yet this ideal queen?
Does she reign, the only sovereign,
Strange and mystic, all unseen?

Far o'er distant seas you've wandered
Where are daughters wondrous fair,
Hath thy heart been proof against them?
Have they made no impress there?

Tell me true, Oh, gifted genius,
With such wealth of mind and heart,
Can no human charms enchain thee?
Wilt thou cleave alone to art?

A COMPLETE LIFE.

A Tribute to Hon. Alexander H. Stephens.

A life complete; no service left undone,
Man's highest praise, and God's approval won;

No blot or tarnish on a spotless name,
No shade to cloud the brightness of his fame;
His latest sun, 'mid golden radiance, set,
Whose fading beams illume and linger yet;

His deeds of kindness like sweet incense rise,
And ever waft their fragrance to the skies,
Through life, his path was perfumed by their breath,
And still their sweetness lingers 'round his death;
Like fairest flowers they cluster o'er his tomb,
And there shall flourish in perennial bloom.

When withered lie the beauteous wreaths of spring
Which o'er his grave our tender hands shall fling,
With brighter tints these deeds of love will shine,
And cast their radiance o'er his sacred shrine·
Whilst tears of gratitude shall fill our eyes,
And pay their tribute where the hero lies.

A life complete; what more could mortal do
Than he hath done! The good, the great, the true,
The Statesman, Scholar, Author, Christain, Friend,
In whom all virtues meet, and sweetly blend,
With powers immortal, mind and soul sublime,
With love unmeasured by the scope of time.

Eternity alone can tell his worth,
Whose glorious deeds extend beyond the earth,
The coming ages shall pronounce him great,

This honored chieftain of our land and state,
Whilst Heaven shall triumph in his just renown,
And place upon his brow her brightest crown.

AN ACROSTIC.

Visions of the unknown future
In thy dreams are fair and bright;
Rising, like a fairy's palace,
Gorgeously before thy sight.
In the distant years, before thee,
Naught of sorrow canst thou trace,
In thy gay, and girlish musings
Are no thoughts impure or base.
Lovely one, in life's bright morning.
Ever may thy pleasures last,
Ever may our watchful Father
Turn from thee the wintry blast,
Until on the shore eternal,
Thou hast anchored fast and deep.
Through the voyage, O may He ever
Lovingly and safely keep,
Ere it shall end — thy heart.

A BEAUTIFUL DEATH.

How like a fragile flower,
Still fresh with morning dew,
Our darling Lulu passed away,
And faded from our view.
The sweetest fragrance of the rose
Perfumes its dying breath,
And so she grew more lovable,
And beautiful in death.

She seemed to have bright visions,
As she neared the other shore,
And beyond its chilling waters,
Longed to rest forevermore.
She sighed to be with Jesus,
And wondered when He'd come
To make a paradise of earth,
And fit it for His home.

She talked to all the dear ones,
With a heart so full of love,
With sweet, angelic purity
Akin to that above;
Imprinted on each moistened cheek
A tender, parting kiss,
As lovingly she spoke to them
About the realms of bliss.

And when the pulse grew slow and faint;
When sounded the death knell,
She said, with resignation sweet,
"Farewell, farewell, farewell."
She clasped her slender, snowy hands,
And murmured low a prayer;
But only angel ears could catch
The whispers in the air.

They bore aloft the message sweet,
Which scarce had reached the skies,
Ere on the transient scenes of earth,
Forever closed her eyes.
She's left us lone and desolate;
We miss her every hour;
But on the resurrection morn,
Again will bloom our flower.

A THRILLING STORY.

The following incident is said to have actually happened many years ago in the state of Tennessee.

No fairer bride was ever seen
Of peasant birth or royal mien,
Than blue-eyed, rosy Mable Lee,
With heart as pure as pure could be;

Nor was there e'er a prouder groom,
With brighter hopes less tinged with gloom,
Than he who lingered at her side,
And looked enraptured on his bride.
What visions rose before their eyes,
How bright appeared their future skies,
Where not a drifting cloud was seen
To dim or shade the golden sheen,
As joyously fond lovers true,
To home and friends they bade adieu!
From Alabama's vine-clad cot
They went to seek some fairer spot;
Some paradise, enchanted isle,
Where fortune would upon them smile.
On proud Kentucky's fertile soil,
Where rich abundance follows toil;
Where beauty's hand hath left her trace,
They found, at last, a resting place;
And here in sweet content began,
To work out life's uncertain plan.
How swiftly sped the noiseless hours!
Time softly trod on naught but flowers,
And brighter still their visions grew,
Till dreams and only dreams they knew.
Alas! how soon the waking came
To wreck and blast each earthly aim;
To teach them that the brightest dreams,
Like bubbles on the sunlit streams,

Are only formed to burst in air!
When rougher waves upon them bear,
They vanish on the sweeping tide,
And into nothingness they glide.
Alas! how soon, with freezing breath,
Appeared the silent monster, death,
To chill the heart whose every beat
Pulsating with emotions sweet,
Bespoke a love too pure for earth,
Where sordid passions have their birth
Alas! how soon the orange bloom
Was changed for emblems of the tomb!
How soon the widow's sable veil
Revealed the heart's unuttered tale!
How soon all earthly hopes had died
And left alas! a widowed bride!
Far off from kindred, lone and drear,
No longer could she linger here.
Disposing of her little all
At half its value, though but small,
She harnessed up her faithful steed,
And, in her buggy drove with speed
Till many a mile was counted well
Ere twilight shades around her fell.
As darkness hurried on apace,
She sought to find a sleeping place
Where "nature's sweet restorer," calm,
Might bring to heart and brain its balm.

An humble hut was soon espied.
Upon a road that turned aside,
Well nigh concealed by bushy trees
So dense that scarce a passing breeze
Could struggle through the meshes thick,
To cool the air or fan the cheek.
The inmates, rough, a man and wife,
Here led a lone, secluded life.
The traveler was not turned away,
But kindly urged to stop and stay;
Was welcomed to their scanty fare,
And rustic board so rough and bare;
Was begged to share the shabby bed,
And rest awhile her aching head.
The artless girl laid bare her heart,
All bleeding from the fatal dart,
For oh, it brings such sweet relief,
In times of gloom to tell our grief!
For sympathy she deeply yearned,
And to these rustic strangers turned.
Her sad eventful life was told,
No circumstance did she withhold.
Confiding, truthful, pure and kind,
No thought of evil crossed her mind.
The night had sped, the morning bright,
Broke forth in beams of golden light,
As though to cheer her lonely way,
It brighter smiled upon that day.

As now she left the rude abode,
She sought directions to the road
Which led beyond fair Tennessee
To dearer regions, bright and free;
To that sweet spot, her childhood's home,
Where glad and blithe she used to roam.
The man, as if by pity moved,
His sympathetic nature proved
By telling her he'd lead the way
Among the vales and hillocks gray,
To point her out a nearer road,
Unknown to travelers, smooth and broad.
Into the forest, dark and deep,
O'er rugged pathways, dim and steep,
They journeyed on for many a mile;
But still she trusted all the while.
At last they reached a deep lime-sink,
And came up to its rugged brink.
He bade her halt upon the spot,
And then revealed his fiendish plot.
To rob and murder he had come,
And now was fixed her tragic doom.
Here other victims oft he'd slain,
Whilst for their lives they plead in vain.
He raised aloft his bloody hand,
And in a tone of stern command,
Said: "Now disrobe, those garments, new,
No longer are of use to you;
But valuable they are to me.

I have a wife at home, you see."
In vain she plead. In wild despair,
Her screams re-echoed through the air;
But failed to touch his heart of steel,
The hardened monster could not feel.
She gladly gave her jewels up;
But still must drain the bitter cup;
For naught but life could satisfy
This demon, of the blackest dye.
Again he bade her to undress,
And coldly scorned her deep distress.
"O spare this outrage worse than death!"
She madly gasped, with fainting breath.
But no, the brute demanded all;
And grew impatient in his call.
"Then turn, I beg thee turn thy back,
Move not an inch out of thy track.
Grant me, I pray, so small a boon,
And let me end my sufferings soon.
If not for mine, thy mother's sake,
For hers, this last request I make,
For hers, who once in loving joy,
Caressed a guileless infant boy,
And, as she stroked his golden hair,
Her darling blest in silent prayer."
The mention of this hallowed name,
The brutal monster seemed to tame;
For oh, there's not a man so vile,
Whose memory's lost a mother's smile,

Who ceases to revere on earth,
The cherished one who gave him birth!
He slowly turned, in sullen mood,
As near the rugged edge he stood,—
A thought flashed through her frenzied brain.
She looked to God and not in vain,
For strength to grapple with her foe,
And hurl him to the depths below.
With almost superhuman power.
Provided for the trying hour,
She rushed upon her bloody foe.
He struck upon the rocks below—
An awful groan, the man was crushed.
A moment more, and all was hushed.
She turned in horror from the spot,
The winding road was not forgot;
But soon, in trembling, feverish haste,
Each fading path had been retraced,
Till in the distance, set in green,
A snowy little cot was seen.
Like a fair pearl, so pure and chaste,
In gems of emerald incased.
The cottage reached, upon the floor
She fell and fainted in the door,
As suddenly she caught the sight
Of her, who, on the former night,
Had plotted with her husband vile,
To murder one so free from guile.

The woman saw their scheme had failed,
And in her neighbor's presence quailed,
Exclaiming, as she weighed the cost,
"My God! My God! We're lost! We're lost!"

A TRIBUTE TO GEORGE PEABODY, ESQ.

Written before the death of the great philanthropist.

Great benefactor of our race
How calm must be thy rest!
How sweetly must thy conscience speak
Approval in thy breast!

For thou, by noble, generous deeds
Hath made thy life sublime,
And brightly will thy record gleam
Upon the scroll of time.

Thou hast not sacrificed thy soul
At Mammon's sordid shrine;
A nobler end hast thou fulfilled,
Thy mission is divine.

Kind father to the orphan poor,
The widow's faithful friend,
In thee the nobler virtues all
In sweetest union blend.

Thou hast consoled the desolate,
Made tearful eyes grow bright,
And into sorrow's dark abode
Shed rays of joyous light;

Reclaimed from vice her votaries,
Redeemed the starving child,
And on the stricken of our race,
In sweet compassion smiled.

Grim-visaged want hath scattered blight
Throughout our sunny land;
But smiling plenty breathes again
Beneath thy bounteous hand.

Not only in thy native land
Hast thou so freely given,
And by thy wondrous deeds of love,
Allied thy soul to Heaven;

But want, in far off distant climes,
Hath raised her fainting voice
To bless thee for her daily bread,
And in thy gifts rejoice.

Thine shall not be the rich man's doom,
Who purple vestments wore,
For more than crumbs hast thou dispensed
From out thy princely store.

Thou art the friend of helpless youth,
His guide to wisdom's path
Which leads to truth's celestial light,
And shuns eternal wrath.

Genius will 'waken into life,
Beneath thy fostering care;
Religion will be nurtured, too,
And fruits immortal bear.

And many a bright-eyed boy will reach
The pinnacle of fame,
And for the laurels on his brow,
Heap blessings on thy name.

What greater tribute canst thou have
Than favor from above;
Than homage from thy fellow-man,
And universal love!

AN ACROSTIC.

Many are thy charms and virtues,
And thou couldst not purer be,
Rare and radiant is thy beauty,
I can find no fault in thee.
O what blessings should attend thee!

Never should'st thou sorrow know,
Sunshine should thy path ill umine,
Peace above thee, span her bow.
Ever should the colors brighten,
As the showers gentler grow.
Raging floods with clouds of darkness,
May the path of some o'erflow;
Angels should bestow on thee
Naught but blessings, bright and free.

BURNING OLD LETTERS.

Long kept treasures, old and faded,
Yellowed by the touch of time,
Fraught with sweet and precious memories,
Words of love and thoughts sublime.

Reverently I now consign them
To the crimson, curling flame,
For long years have glided onward
Since these friendly tokens came.

But how sad and strange the duty,
And what varied thoughts arise,
As these old and faded letters
Burn before my tearful eyes!

Ah! what lessons have they taught me;
Ah! what joys and sorrows brought;
Oh! with how much love and wisdom,
Are these silent pages fraught.

Here I learn that friendships perish,
Like these letters in the flame;
For as years bring changes to us,
Few, in heart, remain the same.

Some who wrote these tender missives,
Pass me now in silence by;
Some who proved more true and constant,
Now beneath the willows lie.

Long-kept letters, old and faded,
Each from friend or foe the same,
With a smothered sigh of sadness,
I consign them to the flame.

BEFORE AND AFTER MARRIAGE.

BEFORE.

Always charming in his eye
Bright and smiling, sweet as pie.
Always primped and dressed so neat,
Dainty slippers on her feet.
Bangs all trimmed and curled with care.
What an angel! O how fair!

AFTER.

Hair dishevelled, seldom neat,
Slip-shod shoes upon her feet,
Smiles transmuted to a frown,
Always lounging in a gown.
O these women, aren't they strange!
Heavens! what a wondrous change!

BEFORE.

Always pleasant, too, was he,
Smiling, chatting in a glee;
Bringing flowers culled with care,
Making presents rich and rare.
Naught his lady-love could ask
Seemed to him a cross or task.

AFTER.

Now he frowns and grumbles so,
He's a husband; not a beau.

Since his little "angel's" caught,
Other lessons must be taught.
O how different is her life!
Once his girl; but now his wife.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO ALBUMS.

TO MISS MARY.

I've looked through your album, Miss Mary,
And beautiful sentiments find,
The compliments, many, you merit
With all the good wishes so kind.
There's scarcely a thought to be added,
The collection is full and complete,
Like a bouquet of lovely, fresh flowers
Combining the rare and the sweet.
So I'll only say this in addition,
May you live, and, in full realize
Every wish that is lavished upon you
By these friends, loving, gifted and wise.
When life with its changes hath ended,
May you still be as happy and blest
In that beautiful city eternal,
Where the Saviour invites you to rest.

TO A YOUNG LADY WHO REQUESTED A POEM ON APPLE DUMPLINGS.

Those famous apple dumplings,
  Such as you sometimes make,
Are certainly delicious,
  I assert, without mistake.
I said I'd write about them,
  But a more exalted theme
Should grace your dainty album,
  And inspire a poet's dream.
So I've changed my mind, Miss Sallie,
  Pray excuse me with this wish:
May you always be as good and sweet
  And tender as your dish.

TO MISS MATTIE.

We've seldom met, yet in a fleeting hour
The buds of friendship bloomed into a flower,
Whose ripening beauties will survive the tomb,
And live forever in perennial bloom.
Though changes come, and transient things depart,
Time cannot fade thine image from my heart.

TO MAY.

Oh, may thy name, which designates
  The loveliest season of the year,
Prove emblematic of thy fate,
  And typify thy life's career.

Though few escape the chastening rod,
And disappointment's bitter sting,
May fortune ever smile on thee,
And cheer thee with perpetual spring.
And may thy life serenely close
'Mid brightness, like a morn in May,
Whose roseate beams shall illume thy flight
Into the realms of endless day.

TO MAUDE.

Thou art as fair and pure, dear Maude,
As this white page on which I write;
The rose of health blooms on thy cheek;
Thy life is free from sorrow's blight.

Oh, may thy heart as guiless be
Through all the changing scenes of time;
And though the summer's rose must fade,
May autumn bring thee joys sublime.

TO CARRIE.

May thy life be long and full of joy,
As bright as gold without alloy,
With only just enough of care
To prove the world is not all fair;
To keep thee in the narrow road
That leads to Heaven, that blest abode.

TO HATTIE.

May health and weath,
  Those blessings rare and great,
Be lavished on thee
  By the hand of fate.

TO CHARLIE.

Let all thy aims in life be high,
  And noble each endeavor,
Rely on God, as thy support,
  And He'll forsake thee never.

TO BEULAH.

"O Beulah land, sweet Beulah land,"
Thy name recalls its verdant bowers,
And whilst I lisp it o'er again,
Bright visions of its fadeless flowers
Are opening to my raptured view,
And then, sweet girl, I think of you,
And wonder if we shall not meet
Where all is fair and pure and sweet.
Oh! may this happiness be ours,
My dear young friend, when life is o'er;
Beyond the sweets of "Beulah Land,"
Oh! may we meet to part no more.

TO MYRTLE.

Sacred to the goddess Venus
  Was the myrtle, ever green,

On the brows of bloodless victors
Its sweet leaves were ever seen;
And a symbol of the ruler
Once at Athens, it became,
This perennial plant historic,
Which bestows on thee a name.
May its sacred charms so antique,
Ever cluster around thee.
In the field of hearts impressive,
A proud victor may you be.

TO LULU.

You've asked me to write you some verses,
And say that I must not decline;
And yet you assign me no subject,
Alas! what a hard task is mine.
My muse is inert and contrary,
I've coaxed her and wooed her in vain,
Despite of my earnest entreaties,
There's nothing so blank as my brain.

But I've promised to write you a poem,
And now must be true to my word;
'Tis hard to make verses on nothing,
I fear I'll say something absurd;
But I'm sure you will pardon me, Lulu,
For my good intent can't be denied,
Though my effort has ended in failure,
It is evident that I have tried.

DREAMING.

Dreaming, ever dreaming of the bright and happy past;
Calling back the fading scenes, too beautiful to last.
Dreaming, ever dreaming of the darker days as well;
Groping 'mid the shadows that across our pathway fell.
Dreaming, ever dreaming of the friends beloved and true;
Thinking of the false ones with a sigh regretful, too.
Dreaming, ever dreaming of the silent, sacred dead,
Their sweet, familiar faces and the loving things they said.
Dreaming, ever dreaming as the hours come and go.
How varied are the visions that delight and sadden so!
Dreaming, ever dreaming of the moments spent in vain;
Precious jewels scattered to be gathered ne'er again.
Dreaming, ever dreaming of what we "might have been;"
Or rather, what we might have done to bless our fellowmen.
Dreaming, ever dreaming of what we long to see;
Building "castles in the air" in childlike ecstasy.
Dreaming, ever dreaming of the future and the past,
Mingling, like the changing clouds, the bright and overcast.

Dreaming, ever dreaming as we near the "other shore,"
Beyond its shining borders, will we dream forever more!
Dreaming, ever dreaming. Yes, strange though it may seem,
We'll never cease from dreaming, for life is but a dream!

FROM THE BRIDAL TO THE TOMB.

In memory of Mrs. Nannie Pace Donnan.

How gay and bright the festive scene,
How fair is all around;
Within that grand, palatial home
No trace of gloom is found;
Imposing are the gorgeous halls,
Resplendent each with light,
And music in harmonious strains,
Floats on the breath of night.

Rare flowers shed their sweet perfume
Upon the ambient air,
And jewels flash upon the brow
Of belles assembled there.
Beneath the marriage bell is seen
A young and joyous pair,

And in her elegant costume,
Was never bride more fair.

How changed the scene! Five happy months
Have scarcely passed away;
Again we see that beauteous form
In the same bride's array;
But still and cold have grown the lips,
And pale the cheeks that blushed;
The eye's are closed in death's long sleep,
The voice in silence hushed.

No strains of merry music now,
Float out upon the gale;
Instead is heard the smothered sob,
The moan and piteous wail.
Pale flowers shed their fragrance 'round,
Still beauteous in their bloom
But now the casket they adorn,
Frail emblems of the tomb.

The voice of him, who solemnized
The sacred marriage rite
Upon that long-remembered eve,
When all was gay and bright,
Is heard once more in earnest prayer,
Committing all to God,
Ere on the new-made yawning grave
Shall fall the heavy sod.

A gloom rests on that princely home,
Dark as Plutonian night;
The brightest gem that glittered there
Shines in a world of light.
Oh! let omniscient fancy soar
Beyond the star-lit dome.
And there behold a mansion grand,
Another princely home.

Look up! ye stricken ones of earth,
Gaze on it as it stands —
The work of the great Architect,
"Not made with human hands;"
Remember that she bore aloft
Her title to this home —
This royal court where Jesus reigns,
And beckoned her to come;

For ere she crossed the chilling stream
She lisped his precious name,
And with her faint and fleeting breath
Asserted thus her claim.
Remember that the angels too
Had whispered in her ear,
And kindly warned her that her end
Was swiftly drawing near.

When on her husband's loving lips
She left her farewell kiss,

Methink she must have caught a glimpse
Of that bright land of bliss.
What meant those premonitions strange
That seemed to stir her heart?
O came they not from other spheres
A message to depart!

She's gone! life's short, sweet dream is o'er,
And earth will miss her long;
But, stricken friends, how soon you too
Will join the blood-washed throng;
How soon will you, heart-broken one,
Who walked so near her side,
Claim, in a brighter, happier home,
Your fair and fragile bride!

FIRST LOVE.

Addressed to a widower friend, a distinguished statesman, who acted on the suggestions contained in the poem, and married his first love.

Love is not a fleeting passion,
Born to cheer us but a day.
'Tis not love that comes to vanish,
Like the transient dews of May.
Strange and mystic is this feeling,
Noblest that survives the fall;

Like the soul, it is immortal,
Something we can ne'er recall.

Think not then thy hopes have vanished,
Though long years have passed away,
Though the blooming cheeks have faded,
And the raven locks are gray;
Though another fondly loved her,
Though she knelt at Hymen's shrine,
If her heart was truly given,
Falter not, it still is thine.

Tell the same sweet story over,
Though together you've grown old,
And her heart 'twill touch and lighten,
E'en as when at first 'twas told.
Though the voice with age may tremble,
And the ear has duller grown,
If she loved thee when a maiden,
She will hear thy faintest tone.

For 'tis true that love's immortal,
And its essence is divine,
Though she may have drifted from thee,
Doubt no more her heart is thine.
Time with all its cruel changes,
May have brought her care and grief,
Yet age yearns for love and pity,
In its "sere and yellow leaf."

Widow's weeds her form may cover,
And her face, the mourner's vail,
Yet she'll listen, if thou'lt tell it,
To the same old lover's tale;
And methinks her eye will brighten,
With the love-light as of old,
If with half the zeal of boyhood,
It should be as as sweetly told.

GOING TO BE GOD'S BABY.

The last words of little Mamie Meritt.

Yes, gone to be God's baby,
With all her beauteous charms,
To rest beneath His loving smile,
To nestle in His arms.

Gone to be God's baby,
She loved the pretty stars,
And like a fettered bird released,
Hath fled her prison bars.

Gone to be God's baby,
To meet her angel brother;
She's left so lone and desolate
Dear father, home and mother.

Gone to be God's baby,
No longer ours on earth,
Though once the house re-echoed
With the music of her mirth.

Gone to be God's baby,
We'll miss her evermore
Until with joy we meet again
Upon the Shining Shore.

Gone to be God's baby,
He gave and taketh away,
Oh, may we bless His Holy Name,
E'en in the darkest day;

And though in sorrow deeper
Than human lips can tell,
Oh, may we still acknowledge
"He doeth all things well."

HAS SHE ANY TIN?

A GRADUATING POEM.

Away with accomplishments, charms, all away!
Tell me not of proud beauty's resistless array;
It's nonsense, all witchcraft, a bundle of trash,
Things heeded alone by the foolish and rash.

Give me the rich lady with purses of charms,
Who wins by her "darkies," plantations and farms;
Not beauty or graces, naught's wanted but dimes,
They alone can console in these hard, hard times.
Your slender-built beauties, your delicate flowers
The sunshine can stand, not adversity's showers;
Like the glittering-ray fish, they're beautiful things,
But you'd better not touch and beware of their stings.
Then accomplishments, extras—what won't come up next?
I scarcely can think of the things but I'm vexed;
French, music and Latin—the whole endless list—
Could all be dispensed with and yet never missed.
Your opera music, your fashionable singing,
A sheep can surpass, when his neck-bell is ringing;
Your daubing with paint and your working with floss,
This knitting and braiding, this patching of moss,
All heaped in a pile, make a beautiful mess
For a young lady's fortune, I truly confess.
But there's one humbug more, not the least of the train—
That vapor which springs from the novelist's brain—
The bubble called love which its origin claims
Alone in the fancy of novel-spoilt dames.
I presume, it is true as we've all heard it said,
It inhabits not seldom the college-boy's head,
Imparting a softness and manners that win,
Unequalled by naught but the softness within.

Ah! pitiful creatures, how can they esteem
So highly the visions of which they but dream?
But let them alone, they are sure to repent
Ere in life's busy battle they've many years spent.
When poverty enters the threshold, she makes it
A point to give love through the window his exit,
And your lovely young wife though the town all extol her,
Can't compare with the charms of the almighty dollar.
For this is a love which is ever enjoyed —
Not a dream, something real, and can't be destroyed.
For the longer you worship the silver you hold,
The stronger you'll cling to your treasures and gold.
As to ladies' accomplishments — tell me, I pray,
Are these not the thoughts of this audience to-day?
Perhaps not of all, but of many, I guess,
Who, if questioned, would quickly (or slowly) confess
They have always committed that commonest sin
Of serving their favorite divinity, "tin."
Now, do not repel the assault with a blush,
And declare you have never regarded the plush;
It sticks out too plainly, when anxious to hear,
You inquire so intently her income a year;
Or, with head half inclined, the sweet sound to draw in —
"Just between you and me, has she got any tin?"

And then can't your motives be plainly discerned,
When about some old Colonel you're mightily concerned,
Inquiring of weather, the prospect of rains,
Now comes on the cotton, the corn-crop and grains;
But finding she's rich, don't know enough yet,
To be certain must ask if her daddy's in debt.
If everything suits and the investment is sure,
Then a quick introduction you'll plan to procure.
But just let the answer be this: "She is poor,"
Then your curious questions are whispered no more,
And turning away like a sorrowful churl —
"She looks like she might be a very nice girl."
Miss So-and-so's face is as rough as a fence;
She is destitute quite of all solid good sense;
Her eyes are nigh fit to jump out of the head,
Which last is well warmed with a covering of red;
Her nose forms a mountain prodigiously high,
Protruding the upper lip, scaring the eye;
While chin, quite afraid of the horrible mouth
Takes a pointed direction away to the south.
In short you may say she's as ugly as sin,
But that's a mere straw for she's plenty of tin.
Though the dark cloud of ugliness over her hovers,
She's greeted by flocks of admirers and lovers.
After all your objections — her big Roman nose,
Her woodpecker head and her parrot-like toes —
She is not to be scorned nor deemed an enormity,

Her money will cloak every trifling deformity.
There's Ma'moiselle Louise, the rich city belle,
Can talk as she pleases, can whoop and can yell;
To Webster new words she can any time add,
In Murray make changes exceedingly bad,
And Chesterfield's rules so completely misplace,
That but for her wealth it would prove her disgrace.
But just let Miss Polly, Miss Dilsey, Miss Dolly,
Who dress in their homespun and think it no folly,
Who scour, wash and iron, can spin and can knit,
Some trivial venial error commit—
Then, horrid! O horrid! ridiculous balk! [talk—
The people will snigger, they'll laugh and they'll
"How awkward, ill-manner'd and so impolite,
But that class of people can never do right."
You scarcely forget while condemning their follies,
Your mammy, when younger, was one of the Pollies.
Yes, now at the shuttle you'll turn up you nose,
Forgetting when mammy wove all of your clothes,
That you used to card out the cotton for thread;
While mammy was baking the hoe cake of bread.
You sleep late, but once when your daddy would sow
His barley, he'd rise ere the chickens could crow;
With harrow and hoe to the fields he'd away,
To work like "Turk" till the close of the day.
Very strange that you now can't remember such things,

But act as descended from nobles and kings;
Eat breakfast at ten and take dinner at five,
This dining so early you could'nt survive.
Your pastry, desserts, your French dishes and wines,
May have made you forget the old muscadine vines,
And the briers you've trudged through with thorns
in your feet,
That Sunday might find you with pie for a treat;
And how for a ride you would pitch and would fight
When daddy came home with the ox-cart at night.
Now, pray don't forget, when Miss Polly you scorn,
The double log-cabin in which you were born;
But keep it in mind and imagine no more,
If you are weathly now that you never were poor.
Wealth gives to the meanest, most ignorant man
True license to do all the mischief he can.
What freedom your rich man, your General uses,
The good taste of others how oft he abuses;
Can eat with his fingers, can lick out his platter—
It's nothing of course, but a very small matter.
If by the way of mistake, he knocks over his cup,
Or intent on his soup, takes a very loud sup,
Frightens waiter to death, with a terrible bleat,
Shoves off on the cloth the loose scraps from his
plate;
You are sure to apologize kindly and smile—
"How eccentric his ways!"—but your anger and
bile

Would burst like Vesuvius, o'erwhelm the offender,
If he be some mechanic, boot-maker or mender.
Yes, poor eccentricity bears all the blame,
So long as for riches he keeps up his fame;
While General can talk of his negroes and lands,
His chance for a speck of his newly-laid plans;
Expatiate largely on Russia's intentions,
On liquor law bills and know-nothing conventions,
Puff away at his ease Rio Hondo cigars;
Can strut in kid gloves, hold his head to the stars,
Pull out his gold watch with its dangling gold chain,
Walk up and down street with a gold-headed cane;
Though his high head is empty, he'll hold the first rank
So long as its known he has money in bank.
The young dandy, charmed, like a bird by a snake,
Commits a quite common but fatal mistake;
For his eyes while bedazzled with gold's blinding light,
Are certain of virtue and worth to lose sight.
Seeking only distinction to which he would rise,
He worships and marries a millionaire prize.
When safely ensnared, without chance to escape,
To his sorrow he finds he's in Midas' scrape,
Who prayed that his touch should change all things to gold,
But, famished with hunger and shivering with cold,
Very soon begged of Bacchus a different treat—

To turn his gold back into blankets and meat.
No friend to calm softly the billows that roll,
While adversity's storms are convulsing the soul;
No gentle companion with magical art,
To light with her smiles and bid darkness depart.
O no, but instead he has married a pet,
Who can murmur and grumble, can quarrel and fret,
Bawling week after week, scolding day after day,
At all living creatures that come in her way.
Yes, one whose ill-temper no kindness appeases;
Who'll have her own way and do just as she pleases;
Who ne'er in her life to a mortal could bow,
And wouldn't by any be ruled over now:
Must everything have that she thinks she admires,
Or burst out in fury like volcanic fires,
And then if it happens the crop's rather slim,
And he can't spare the money to meet every whim,
No pity she'll have, but in spite she must dress,
If it plunges him into the deepest distress;
The bonnets, the silks and the satins must come,
Let it make him grow gray, yes, or blind, deaf and dumb;
This thing of refusing he never could dare;
He'd sooner encounter a lion or bear.
Not the sign of a murmur must ever arise,
Or he'll certainly forfeit his head or his eyes;
Must be as submissive and meek as a lamb;
Must bear, must endure and be perfectly calm;

Must never the slightest objection disclose,
No matter what notions she's wont to propose.
Then if for her follies he happens to get
Involved head and ears in a vortex of debt,
One thing's pretty certain, he'll stay in the mire,—
There he'll struggle alone, there he'll even expire.
If he waited for help he'd be looking in vain,
She'd never assist him to get out again:
Wasn't used to hard working and wouldn't be vexed,
Be worried, tormented or ever perplexed;
Wasn't married to be a contemptible slave
And wouldn't be one the whole union to save.
To darn wouldn't stoop, wouldn't look at a patch,
Her delicate fingers no needle should scratch;
It was never a part of the life she had led
To hammer at biscuit or make up a bed.
Oh, no, she'd been used to the parlor and dance,
Perusing new novels, absorbed in romance,
A little French, poetry, music and song,
Then dozing away the whole afternoon long.
Poor fellow, I guess ere in sorrow he dies,
He'll wish he'd not heard of that millionaire prize.
Alas! who would sacrifice comfort for tin?
How few, notwithstanding, are free from the sin!
These fish that will bite at a bait of the dimes,
Are commonly caught, and caught badly sometimes.
I've heard of a story, where charmed by the tin,
Another poor fellow was quite taken in.

Well, there once was a lady remarkably fair,
Whose beauties were numerous, charming and rare.
She attracted this "sprout," with his head full of sap,
A victim just fit to be caught in a trap;
When captured, and after all help was too late,
He found he had married an old bald pate,
Decked off in some ringlets, all glossy and fine,
As little her ringlets as yours or mine;
The eye that he thought was so sparkling and bright,
Was a smooth ball of glass without muscle or sight;
The cheeks that so glowed with the tint of the morn,
No sooner were washed than all color was gone;
The white pearly teeth, all so smooth and so sound,
Had belonged to some Indian long since in the ground;
But naught had the victim so terribly nettled,
As to find that on her all the money was settled.
The ladies, too, fall into errors absurd:
How oft of some charming young miss have I heard,
Who, to some old grand-daddy, her liberty sold,
Because he had promised a plenty of gold!
Poor thing, and when purchased with carriages fine,
With furniture, dresses, ere long she will pine,
In sackcloth and ashes her folly repent
Ere a fortnight in bondage she's mournfully spent.
The crabbed old thing is forever complaining;
He's grunting and groaning, be it shining or raining;
He'll sneeze and he'll quarrel, he'll cough and he'll creep,

The weary day long he will doze and he'll sleep;
Then smoke up the house with tobacco and pipe,
His dirty black feet on the ottoman wipe;
In short, such an obstinate, hard-headed man,
She never can please him do all that she can.
'Tis not the young only who worship the gold,
The same mighty charmer allures the old.
The shrivelled old mother now soon to expire—
With tremulous voice, "Is he rich?" must inquire.
If he's not, then his visits she'll quickly cut short,
Can never consent to a match of that sort.
But he's hundreds of thousands, and just let her hear it,
Instanter, he seems a young man of great merit.
O yes, he must now be invited to dine;
The parlor, the house and the table must shine;
The children must have on their best Sunday clothes,
Keep quiet their ignorance not to expose;
The servants must practice until they are able,
Without seeming awkward to wait on the table;
Young mistress must primp, and do all that she can,
To catch such a wealthy and charming young man.
And now since the heiress alone's in demand,
There's a curious practice I can't understand;
So the question to ladies I'd like to propose,
Perhaps you'll be able the trick to disclose.
What's the use of this chalking and painting your faces,

This dressing in satins, rich ribbons and laces,
This curling and scorching and crimping your hair,
Your bleaching and scrubbing to make you look fair,
Your drawing and squeezing and pinching your feet,
This enduring of death as you glide through the street?
No matter how pretty, no heart will you win,
So it's no use to try if you're minus the tin.
But then, if you have it why suffer the pain?
Distinction and honor you'll certainly gain.
Think no more of your flounces, your bonnets too, now
Pull up from your shoulders and cover your brow;
Think no more of the mind, for the fashions all mock it,
But center your energies all on the pocket;
Deem all your accomplishments not worth a straw,
But to keep you from under stern poverty's paw;
Pay court to the rich, get or seem rich yourself;
Give beauty the background and scruples the shelf;
Think no more of fine eyes, pretty mouth, dimpled chin —
Like a cork you will float on a life-boat of Tin.

IN MEMORY OF DR. A. MEANS.

Great men have lived in every age and clime,
And left their "footprints on the sands of time;"
Poets, warriors and statesmen each have traced
A record which can never be effaced;

But none of all the honored ones of earth,
Of humble lineage or of noble birth,
Have merited more lasting, just renown,
Or ever won from fame a brighter crown.

With mind transcendent and a soul sincere,
He soared above the sublunary sphere,
And dwelt in fancy 'mong the glittering stars,
Like some proud eagle freed from fettering bars.

His gifts were varied and his genius great,
He rose superior to an adverse fate,
And in each noble calling proudly won
From God and man, the plaudit of "well done."

He left his impress on the youthful mind
And shaped their natures in a mold refined;
He "looked through nature up to nature's God,"
And pointed out the way that Christ had trod.

Whilst from the pulpit, list'ning crowds he sway'd
With mighty eloquence none could evade.

His soul was kindled with poetic fire,
And mellow strains now echo from his lyre,

Sweetly and softly lingering on our ears,
As o'er his sacred shrine we drop our tears.
The mystic realms of science he explored,
No truth was by his grasping mind ignored;

He scanned creation with her changeless laws,
And sought to harmonize effect and cause;
The universe, sun, moon and stars sublime
Absorbed his thoughts and occupied his time.

Above the common level, rising high,
Onward and upward ever turned his eye,
Till death his restless, longing soul unbound—
A life was ended and a victor crowned.

IN MEMORY OF MISSES JENNIE AND ANNIE SIMS.

The good, the true, the lovable
From earth have passed away,
And desolation lingers now,
Where all was once so gay.

The light of home hath faded,
And its music now is hushed,
The brightest smiles have vanished,
And the fairest hopes are crushed.

The golden chain is severed,
That a happy household bound,
And all seems wrecked and ruined
Where unceasing joys were found;

For death hath never entered
That enchanted home before,
In mercy he hath stayed his hand,
And passed its inmates o'er.

A double blow, at last, he deals,
Two loving sisters fall,
So young, so noble and so fair,
So true and dear to all.

Their parents bow beneath the stroke,
An only sister weeps,
Three loving brothers mourn their loss,
For each in silence sleeps.

How dark this picture! Yet it hath
A brighter, fairer side.
Our loved ones will not evermore
In the cold grave abide.

"Asleep in Jesus." Cheering thought!
It mitigates our pain
To know that all who trust in Christ,
Will one day live again.

To know that Jennie is not dead
That Annie only sleeps,
And whilst we shed these bitter tears,
The human 'tis that weeps.

For looking out beyond this earth,
What glorious hopes arise!
What rapture it will be to meet
Our lost ones in the skies!

LITTLE DAISY.

No sweeter, fairer flower
Ever bloomed beneath the skies,
To cheer us with its beauty,
Than our little Daisy Wise.

With eyes dark brown and lustrous,
Like the radiant orbs of night,
A spirit beaming through them,
Just as beautiful and bright.

With cheeks as red as roses,
And a brow that's lily white,
With glossy, raven ringlets,
And a smile forever bright.

O such a lovely flower
Is too beautiful to fade!
And yet earth's rarest blossoms
Have all withered and decayed.

The daisies of the meadow,
In the winter close their eyes;
But our little Daisy
Will awaken in the skies.

She'll vanish like the flowers,
But will share a brighter doom;
For in the fields celestial,
O forever will she bloom!

MARGIE EMMA TUTTLE.

Many friends around thee cluster,
And their highest praise is thine,
Rare and radiant are thy virtues,
Gems of worth no brighter shine.

In the home's enchanted circle,
Earth's most hallowed, loved retreat,
Every inmate of the mansion
Must pronounce thee fair and sweet.
May the vice the world is throwing
All around the guileless young,
Turning many from their purpose,
Using oft her silent tongue,
Tarnish not thy bright escutcheon,
Tear no laurel from thy brow.
Listen to my gentle warning,
Ever prove as true as now.

NO LONGER BLIND.

No longer blind. How sweet the thought
That soon must end that starless night;
That soon thine eyes, long closed and dim,
Must open to celestial light!

The beauties of this fading earth
'Tis true thou'lt never more behold;
But soon in rapture thou wilt look
Upon the streets of "shining gold."

The new Jerusalem, foretold,
That city of eternal light,

Where God shall wipe away all tears,
And to the blind restore their sight.

Oh, cheering thought there's no night there,
No darkness to enshroud thine eyes,
Where God's eternal face will shine
Far brighter than our summer skies!

The darkest mystery of thy life
Will vanish with returning sight,
And thou wilt know why blindness now
Confines thy soul in dismal night.

And oh, methinks with brighter smiles
Wilt thou awaken from the tomb
Than if 'neath sunlight's cheering beams,
Thou had'st not known this ceaseless gloom

No longer blind. How sweet the thought
That this will soon be said of thee!
Oh, may it cheer thy darkest hours
Until thy restless soul is free.

ONLY AWHILE SHE LINGERED.

We all do fade as a leaf. Isaiah lxvi, 6.

Only awhile she lingered,
  Ere she left for the "golden shore,"
Ere her fleeting life was ended,
  And our bright, fond hopes were o'er.

But in that brief existence,
  Oh, what varied joys she brought!
And oh, what valued lessons
  To our loving hearts were taught!

We learned how soon a mortal
  To an earthly idol clings,
And the grief and desolation
  That the great Destroyer brings.

We learned how hopes may vanish,
  How they wither in a day,
And how the fairest things on earth
  Are destined to decay.

We learned that oft-taught lesson,
  That our babes are lent, not given;
Are only on an errand sent
  To claim our hearts for Heaven.

SPRING PALACE HEROISM.

Dedicated to the noble men and women who risked their lives in rescuing others from the terrible flames, in the Fort Worth, Texas, disaster of 1890.

"Man's inhumanity to man"
How oft it is deplored!
How oft is human misery
By selfish hearts ignored!
How few observe the golden rule,
Its teachings so sublime,
How few record heroic deeds
Upon the scroll of time!

And yet there are some noble souls,
Of more exalted birth,
Unselfish spirits, kind and pure,
Born but to bless the earth;
Courageous men and women true,
With hearts sincere and brave,
Who even sacrifice their lives
Their fellow men to save.

All honor to these noble ones
Who faced the raging flames
To rescue wives and helpless babes,
Though now unknown their names,
Unnumbered blessings are invoked
Throughout our Lone Star State,

And thankful lips pronounce them each
Magnanimous and great.

The mother draws her rescued babe
Still closer to her breast,
And watchful angels, hovering near,
In Heaven record the rest.
The palace lies in ashes gray,
But from its ruins rise
The incense of heroic deeds,
Ascending to the skies.

The beauteous work of skill and art,
With all its valued store,
Like other human structures grand,
Will feast our pride no more;
But from our Palace, fitly named,
Will rise eternal Spring,
And ever to these honored ones
Her laurels will she bring.

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

Great heroes—brave, illustrous sons—
We love to tell their story,
And think about their wondrous deeds
Of triumph and of glory.

We love to hand their record down
To men of coming ages,
And stereotype their gallantry
Upon historic pages.

We love to tell the rising youth
About their manly bearing,
And point with an exultant pride,
To deeds of noble daring.

For time can never dim their fame,
Or rob them of their glory,
Won at the cannon's deadly mouth,
On fields of battle, gory.

Her waves may sweep o'er human deeds,
And wash them from the shore,
Mere footprints on the crumbling sand
May vanish evermore.

But like the rock that stands unmoved
Against the rushing tide,
Their fame will rise above the wreck
When all is gone beside.

Tho' years have flown since o'er their graves
We wept our tears of sorrow,
The memory of our hallowed slain
Grows dearer with each morrow.

And now this long illustrous list
Of heroes, brave and great,
We gather up and place among
The archives of our state.

Where generations yet unborn,
May ever read the story—
May emulate their noble deeds,
And learn the path to glory.

TWO PICTURES.

Before omniscient fancy's eye
Two life-like pictures rise;
One bright and pure and beautiful,
Fair as Italian skies,
The other dark, heart-rending, sad,
Portraying naught but gloom,
A type of ruin, vice and death,
An emblem of the tomb.
I see a glorious nation bound
By galling fetters strong
Resistance seems almost in vain,
For she has suffered long;
I see a tyrant monster rule,
With harsh despotic sway,

As 'neath his iron heel is crushed
The old, the young, the gay;
I see the loving mother weep,
Bereft of hope and joy,
As now among the countless slain,
She finds her darling boy.
I see the young and faithful wife
Her bitter fate deplore
As beauteous dreams of life and love,
Depart forevermore.
I see the crime, the want, the woe,
The desolation wild,
The drunkard's hovel, dark and cold,
The suffering, starving child.
I see the struggles desperate,
As manhood, strong and brave,
Would fain resist the tyrant's grasp,
And cries to God to save.
I scan it all, this tragic scene,
This dark, dark picture true,
And now, Oh! friend of fallen man,
I ask what will you do?
Oh! will you not in God's great name,
In all His strength and might,
Determine to resist this foe,
Stand firmly by the right?
Oh! then will dawn a brighter scene,
Old things will pass away,

And all things new and fair become
Amid that glorious day.
Eternal happiness and love,
And purity shall reign,
And on our fair escutcheon then,
Shall rest no blight or stain.

TO MINNIE

Were all the shells on ocean's shore
Resounding with its ceaseless roar
Their music might be grand, sublime,
A perfect and harmonious chime;
But yet the accents of thy voice
Would sooner make my heart rejoice,
And bind me with a sweeter spell
Than melody from tinted shell.
Were all the beauteous flowers that bloom
To shed on me their rich perfume
I'd rather share thy lasting love,
And meet thee in the realms above,
Than dwell among the fairest flowers
That ever smiled 'midst Eden's bowers.

THE DRUMMER.

Dedicated to the "Grip-Sack Fraternity."

You'll think that my topic's a trite one,
That nothing of note can be said
On a subject that's worn to a frazzle,
Till the warp and the woof are but thread.

You'll think that my muse will disdain it,
And turn from a theme that is old;
But with all that's been said of the "drummer,"
The half has yet never been told.

And I ween she will never grow weary,
While enconiums fall from her lips,
She will sing of the drummer forever,
Of the traveling man with his grips.

She'll touch with her delicate fingers
The silvery chords of the lyre
In behalf of this much abused hero,
This proverbial pest of the buyer.

She'll sing of his trials and crosses,
Of the heart-aches that mingle with gain
As by night and by day he is jolting
Or speeding his way on the train.

She'll defend him from all the aspersion
That rests on his honorable name,

As, with trunks filled with samples, he hastens
To canvass the town for his game.

For be sure he has earned all he's captured
By a desperate tug and a nip,
This hero entitled the drummer,
With his cheek and inseparable grip.

Did the "house" only know of his hardships,
As he tramps through the mud and the rain,
As he rises, ere day, in the morning
To catch the unmerciful train.

As he hastily swallows his breakfast,
And utters anathemas brief,
On the poor imitation of coffee,
And wonderful toughness of beef.

As he steps to the counter to settle,
And finds they have doubled his bill
Because he is drawing big wages,
And they think they can fleece him at will.

Methinks as they sit in their office,
Reclining in comfort and ease,
That the estimate placed on the drummer
Would rise full a score of degrees.

These "knights of the road," as they dub them,
Are jolly, good fellows to meet,

With jokes full of wit and good humor,
That none but a drummer can beat.

As he steps in a store to get orders,
He nervously glances about,
He invoices the stock in a moment,
And sees the assortment is out.

The merchant may think he has fooled him;
But he knows his material at sight,
At a glance he can read human nature,
And you bet he will size him up right.

The girls seem to dote on the drummer,
Because he has git up and git;
They enjoy a little flirtation,
They relish his humor and wit.

And e'en the most prudish among them
Will venture some sweet things to say,
Because he's a gay bird of passage,
To-morrow he's flitting away.

O the drummer, the good-natured drummer,
These world-renowned knights of the grip,
Success to each noble endeavor,
And big orders with every trip!

TO A BEREAVED FRIEND.

When thy life was bright and hopeful,
And the shadows o'er mine fell,
When deep anguish filled my bosom,
More than human lips could tell,
Then you sent me words of comfort
That were sweet, indeed, to me,
Now that same, true consolation
I would offer it to thee.

Brighter have my skies been growing
Since that dark, eventful day,
And as though in mercy speeding,
All the clouds have rolled away.
But they've drifted o'er thy pathway,
And their shadows on thee fall,
None escape the fate so common,
Sorrow is the lot of all.

But the same, kind, loving Father
Who sustained me in my grief,
In thy loneliness will cheer thee,
And will bring thee sweet relief;
For it is a thought so glad'ning
That amid our woe or weal,
Earth hath not a wound or sorrow
That our Savior cannot heal.

THE FIRST PARTING.

Dedicated to Annie and J. S. P.

I saw a dark-eyed maiden
With a sweet, but pensive face,
With curls of jetty blackness,
And a form of wondrous grace.

As she sought in tearful silence,
The little crystal stream
Where lone and unmolested,
She might meditate and dream.

But the wavelets seemed to mock her
With a song of sweet content;
Unmindful of her presence,
As on and on they went.

All nature seemed so cheerful
Whilst she alone was sad,
Her heart was well nigh breaking
Whilst all things else were glad.

The future seemed so dismal;
For one she held most dear,
No longer sought her presence,
No longer lingered near.

Far over distant prairies,
He westward sped his way,
Allured to the Lone Star State,
Where fortune holds her sway.

She sighed, perhaps my darling
Will ne'er return again,
And O, the thought was mad'ning!
It filled her heart with pain.

Long months of separation
Have passed away since then,
But absence does not conquer love
In brave, true-hearted men.

In February, happy month,
About the fourteenth day,
The joyous, absent lover
Will homeward wend his way.

The dark-eyed, gentle maiden
No longer will repine,
For on her lover's natal day,
She'll wed her valentine.

THE FIRST GRANDBABY.

How strange! How very strange it seems!
Why surely I'm not old!
And yet these happy grandmammas
Are reckoned so, I'm told.

I'm sure 'twas but the other day
That friends pronounced me young,
And compliments upon my looks,
Were borne on every tongue.

Why can it be that silver threads
Appear among the gold;
Or that a wrinkle on my brow,
Proclaims that I am old!

A grandmamma! How strange the thought,
How very queer it seems!
I'm like some startled slumberer
Awakened from his dreams.

This little cherub sweet and fair,
Has filled the house with joy,
There never was a dearer one,
A brighter, lovelier boy.

He's won his way to every heart,
He's worth his weight in gold,

Although his advent proves the fact
That I am growing old.

I wouldn't give the darling up
For royal wealth untold,
And to possess so great a prize,
I'm willing to grow old.

THEY SAY THAT ALL THINGS FADE AWAY.

They say that all things fade away
Beneath the touch of time —
Impressions made by joy or grief,
The beautiful, sublime.

The fairest image love imprints
Upon the human heart
Will dimmer grow with fleeting years,
Will vanish, will depart.

But oh, they have not told me true,
I miss my darling yet;
For time has never healed the wound,
Or silenced a regret.

His smiling image haunts me still,
'Mid scenes obscured, or bright;
It lingers in my waking dreams
And visions of the night.

His footsteps echo in my ear
Till, with the old-time joy,
I almost turn to welcome home
My dear long-absent boy;

For oh, it seems that he must come!
How strange, how strange is death!
How like a dream and yet how real
This ceasing of the breath!

WORN OUT.

The following is a versific ation of a touching article by J. L. Sharp in Detroit Free Press.

She "was not strong," he knew it well,
So oft said farmer Gray;
She always was a fragile flower,
E'en on her wedding day.
Eight children called her mother now,
For years had rolled along,
She made their clothes and kept the house—

Yet mother was not strong.
"Poor father!" she would sometimes say,
"Tries hard to get along,
And oft expresses such regret
That mother is not strong."
And yet she was the first one up,
The last one to retire,
As often by the midnight lamp,
She stitched for son or sire.
She milked and churned, she cooked and washed,
Toiled on the whole day long,
So meek and uncomplaining, too,
Yet mother was not strong.
Sometimes, when father got behind,
She'd help him drop the corn,
Or, in the garden hoe awhile—
No service did she scorn.
Then to the smoky kitchen, hot,
All tired out she'd go,
And dinner cook for hired hands,
A dozen men or so.
Sometimes she'd say she wasn't brisk,
It took her awful long,
She couldn't do what others did;
For mother was not strong.
She often wondered as she sat
Where she had rested long,
Upon the kitchen doorstep,

If she ever would be strong.
She'd wonder, too, how it would seem
To have a hired girl,
And if the neighbors, thus supplied,
Escaped the ceaseless whirl.
And, as she sat, with aching head,
Against the door frame pressed,
Afraid she might at last give out,
And sighing for sweet rest,
She'd wonder about many things,
And close her eyelids long,
Her hands laid listless in her lap,
For mother was not strong.
Each day of toil would leave its trace
Upon her patient brow,
And lower 'neath each added load,
Her wasted frame would bow.
She never left the busy home,
But often would she say,
"I'm kept by one thing and another,
I cannot get away."
For ten long years she'd nursed a wish
To see her aged mother;
But could not go a hundred miles,
'Twas "one thing and another,"
Till one day e'en this cherished dream
Like all the rest had fled,
Alas! alas! for human hope,

The mother, too, was dead.
She longed to press a farewell kiss
Upon the cold, white brow;
But father said 'twould wear her out
To take the journey now,
And being as she couldn't do
Her mother any good,
She'd better be resigned to stay,
And bear it as she could.
"Worn out," at last, one day she was,
In body, soul and mind;
She clasped her hands upon her breast,
And wearily reclined,—
They never were unclasped again,
For in the early dawn
Of that dark, sad November day,
That long-remembered morn,
When father called her, "Yes, I'll come"
Was never heard again.
The lips were closed, the weary heart
Throbbed not with love or pain.
A Father who, with pitying eye,
Had watched and loved her long,
At last had called her to Himself,
He knew she was not strong.
And oh, methinks, she gladly said,
"Yes, Father, I will come,
'Tis sweet to rest with Thee, at last,
In my eternal home."

WHAT A MYSTERY IS MAN!

Suggested by the confession of a bashful youth.

How strange that he who, without fear,
The cannon's mouth could face
Should, like a coward, mean, retreat
From beauty and from grace;

Should tremble like an autumn leaf,
The victim of alarms,
On entering a drawing-room
Replete with woman's charms!

How strange that he who in earth's strife,
No duty, stern, evades,
Should thus be vanquished, put to flight,
And frightened by old maids!

O what a contradiction strange!
How mystical is man!
He's an enigma hard to solve,
Deny it if you can.

A WELL SPENT LIFE.

In memory of Mr. B. F. Hawkins.

A well spent life, a blameless life and pure,
Replete with noble deeds that must endure;
A bright escutcheon, free from blot or stain;
A life complete, it was not lived in vain.

A life of faith and humble trust in God,
Of sweet submission to the chastening rod,
Reflecting, like the diamond pure and bright,
Each christian virtue in its mellow-light.

Crowned by the tender love of young and old,
A life whose kindly deeds can ne'er be told,
Untarnished by the tongue of slander, vile,
Consistent, upright, perfect, free from guile.

A life whose record angels gladly bear
To that bright world, where all is pure and fair.
A life that we should imitate with pride,
And follow, as he followed Christ, his guide.

He sleeps serenely, but a void is left,
No human power can ease the hearts bereft.
Comfort, oh, God, the mother, child and wife,
And heap thy blessings on a well spent life.

TO FLORA ON HER WEDDING DAY.

Accept, my friend, this painted plaque,
Though moneyed value it may lack.
It bears to thee a nobler part,
The richest blessings of my heart.
A slight memento let it prove
Of ardent and unchanging love;
A link between thy wedding day,
And years, now in the far away;
A sweet reminder of a friend
Whose constancy will never end.
Oh may these bright, but scentless flowers,
But typify thy brighter hours,
And may thy joys as fadeless be
As these I've painted here for thee!

A WELCOME TO THE ADVOCATE.

Welcome, old, familiar paper,
In thy new and neat attire,
May thou live on through the ages,
May thine influence ne'er expire!

Great hath been thy work and mission,
Heaven alone can record bear;

She alone can tell thy treasures
Hid away and garnered there;

She alone can count the star-gems,
That will glitter in thy crown,
When the old, time-honored "Wesleyan"
Lays her pen and labors down.

Welcome from the fair Gate City,
Chosen for thy future home;
Georgia's pride should bid thee God speed,
And rejoice that thou hast come!

May she ever shield and guard thee,
As a dear, adopted child,
And may God smile kindly on thee
As He, heretofore, hath smiled.

ONE MORE JEWEL.

In memory of Mrs. Mary C. Briggs.

One by one He's gathering
His jewels, bright and rare,
To glitter in the radiant crown
His Kingly head shall wear;

And oh, methinks, amid the group,
There'll be no purer gem

To ornament our Savior's brow,
  His royal diadem.

One by one we're losing
  All our jewels from the earth;
Desolation lingers 'round the heart,
  And 'round the hearth;
But oh, this thought will cheer us,
  'Mid our darkness and dismay,
The gem that death has stolen,
  Now reflects a brighter ray.

One by one, the jewels
  Are still added to His crown;
But like the gleam from countless stars,
  Their light comes streaming down;
And oh, in its reflection,
  We will plainer see the way
That leads us from the darkness
  To the realms of endless day.

One by one we'll give them up,
  Though hard it seems to bear.
Our Savior bought them for His crown,
  These jewels, bright and rare.
No right have we to keep them here,
  To rob Him of His share;
To pluck them from His diadem—
  No, let them glitter there!

IMAGINATION VERSUS REALITY.

OR WHAT MR. BRAG THINKS HE WOULD DO, AND WHAT HE WOULD DO.

Mr. Brag is like many a dreamy young man,
A remarkable one to maneuver and plan.
The wonderful visions that flit through his brain
Are not like chimeras and ghosts that are vain,
But life-like creations, so natural and true
That he really believes what he says he can do.

He thinks in a battle he'd fight like a Turk,
With cannon, with rifle, with sabre or dirk;
He thinks he would merit a glorious name,
And leave it inscribed on the record of fame;
But, in fact, he would very soon look for a tree,
And dodging the balls to this refuge he'd flee.

He thinks, were a robber to halt him some night,
He'd soon put the odious ruffian to flight
By aiming a pistol, so true, at his head,
And taking him prisoner, unconscious or dead;
But in fact he would hasten to shell out the chink,
And wouldn't take time to ask questions or think.

He is sure he would dive 'neath the ocean's dark wave,
A beautiful maiden from drowning to save,

And have all the papers extolling his name
For a deed so heroic and worthy of fame;
But he'd stick to the boat like a culprit or knave,
And let her go down to a watery grave.

Had he only a start, just a thousand or so,
Straightway to NewYork and toWall Street he'd go;
In the financial world he would carry the day,
Would eclipse Mr. Gould, the remarkable Jay.
So he thinks; but in fact he would lose every cent,
And rue the sad day when to Wall Street he went.

To the domain of romance his visions extend,
And here his bright pictures could scarcely be penned.
He thinks he could win any girl in the land,
And capture her money, her love and her hand;
But he'd give up the contest and cowardly fly—
They'd every one kick him as high as the sky.

Thus, many are wasting their valuable time
In the way that we've pictured to you in our rhyme,
To find out, at last, it is easy to dream,
That things are not always just what they would seem,
That life's made of facts that are stubborn and stern,
Is a lesson 'twere well we should all try to learn.

DEATH LOVES A SHINING MARK.

In memory of Mrs. Mary L. Pickett.

We looked upon her lifeless form
  Half dazed, with tearful eyes,
For though it comes so oft to us,
  Death seems a sad surprise.

Like chiseled marble, white and cold,
  Her radiant face had grown;
It looked as though by sculptor carved
  From silent, pulseless stone.

A holy calmness seemed to rest
  Upon the noble brow,
And smiles still lingered on the lips
  That breathed her latest vow.

Fair flowers laid upon her breast
  And sweetly seemed to say,
We should not weep for one so pure,
  Who thus had passed away;

For beautiful had been her life,
  And beautiful her death.
'Twas but the closing of her eyes,
  The ceasing of her breath;

The folding of her willing hands
Upon a peaceful breast;
The laying down of earthly cares
For everlasting rest.

She's gone; but all is well with her,
She trusted in the Cross.
Then let the thought of her great gain
Sustain us in our loss.

Oh, let us live as she hath lived,
And die as she hath died,
A faithful Christian loved by all,
Close to the Savior's side.

TAKE GOOD CARE OF MOTHER.

Suggested by the words of Col. J. C. F. Sims, who said to his eldest son, as he passed away: "I will die satisfied if you will promise me to take good care of your mother, and meet me in Heaven."

Take good care of mother
In the weary, coming years;
Soothe her in her sorrow,
In her loneliness and tears.

Shield her from all hardships,
As she reaches life's decline;

Try to act it faithfully
The part that once was mine.

Add no pang of sorrow
To her broken, aching heart;
Bring the balm of healing
To the bleeding, wounded part;

Guide her feeble footsteps,
As they totter on the way,
The journey'll soon be ended,
She'll not have long to stay.

Soon she'll sleep serenely,
With the numbers of the blest;
Soon she'll bid the earth adieu,
And follow me to rest.

Lay her down beside me
On that sad and final day.
She'll know why I was taken
"When the mists have cleared away."

Meet us both in Heaven,
Make the promise ere I die,
Tell me that you're coming
To our mansion in the sky.

I'll close my eyes in calmness,
I'll leave you satisfied,

If only you will meet me
Upon the "other side."

If only you'll be certain
To heed the Master's call;
Accept the great salvation
He freely gives to all.

A WELCOME TO "EARLY VANITIES."

The charming poem of N. J. Clodfelter, Esq.

Welcome! fair and beauteous "child,"
In thy garb of blue and gold,
Offspring of the poet's brain,
Half thy charms have not been told.
Only flowers sweet and rare,
Fresh and beautiful you bring;
Not a rank, obnoxious weed,
Not a crude or worthless thing.
Welcome to my heart and home,
Evermore with me abide,
Valued for thy genuine worth,
I will cherish thee with pride!

THE MODERN BOY.

Lounging about the saloons of the town;
Quoting the words of the jester and clown;
Smoking a gratis, or "two-for" cigar;
Drawing his rations and clothes from papa;
Driving around with astonishing speed;
Running the life out of somebody's steed;
Taking in parties, theatres and balls;
Spending the evenings in fashionable calls;
Getting, sometimes, on a "whiz" or a "spree;"
Paying a fine, or the lawyer a fee;
Trying to live without study or work;
"Beating his way," a notorious "shirk;"
Betting on races, his dollars and dimes;
Ready for every new sport of the times;
Playing at billiards, at "poker" or "smut;"
In short he is what you would call a "hard nut."
O such is the typical boy of the day,
Beware of him, girls, and avoid him I pray!
You'd better live single, and die an "old maid,"
Than hastily marry and make a bad trade.

THE MODERN GIRL.

Aimlessly waiting and drifting through life,
Hoping, some day, to be somebody's wife,
Now cheered by the prospect of catching a beau,
Then blue and despondent to find it's no go.

These marrying men are such slippery things,
They are something like eels, or like birds upon wings;
Now and then one is caught like a mouse in a trap,
When the bait set is tempting enough for the chap.

Though worthless, she'll take him because she's afraid
If she loses a chance she will die an old maid.
This thing they call marriage, 'tis now she can see,
Is not the sum total its cracked up to be.

She's worried to death with a house full of brats,
A fault-finding husband, his dogs and the cats.
Oh, farewell to pleasure! She's given up all,
And wrecked her sweet life in the midst of a squall!

A PLACE FOR EVERYTHING.

"A place for everything, and everything in its place,"
Is a saying familiar and old;
But the housekeeper's motto it ever should be,
For its value can scarcely be told.
How oft has the peace of the household been marred
By an inmate who scolded and frowned,
In a tiresome search for some article lost,
Or carelessly lying around!
How oft has a pupil been tardy at school,
And marked on the record "too late!"
On account of misplacing a hat or a cap,
A pencil, a book or a slate!
In short, all the ills that confusion entails
Are a tax upon patience and grace,
And the truest of Christians will fret and complain
To find everything out of place.
If order, the first of law nature, is broken,
In trouble it ever must end;
Then hearken, I pray, to a few homely rhymes,
And take the advice of a friend.
Dear housekeeper, would you have peace and content
Commingle with beauty and grace?
Then let everything that pertains to the home
Be faithfully kept in its place.
'Tis said an account we must give of our time,

No action or word can erase;
What a record we'll have if we've wasted our lives
In searching for things out of place!

EAST AND WEST ENDS.*

'Tis hard to tell which charms us more
The rising east, with darkness o'er,
Where light foretells the coming morn;
And smiles amid the roseate dawn.
Or shining with her golden crest,
'Mid gorgeous clouds, the setting west.

Thus might we say the rival "ends,"
Each far removed, and yet good friends,
Claim in their turn, peculiar charms,
Whilst neither one the other harms,
We look, with pride, upon the "west,"
Her handsome homes, and inmates blest.

But, on the east, so cool and high,
We also turn the admiring eye,
Nor once indulge an envious frown
Since both do honor to our town,
And with their enterprise proclaim
For Waxa., soon, a glorious name.

*New additions to the city of Waxahachie, Texas.

United by the rail of steel
A closer kinship will we feel,
As from the west end's cooling shade
We seek the east,—a ride up grade,
And revel in the summer breeze,
Untrammelled by the brushy trees.

We'll often seek the calm Lake Park,
Where sails the light and graceful bark,
When, wearied with the mazy dance,
Fair Terpsichore can not entrance.
Pavilions, and sweet music too,
Must oft give place to pleasures new.

By ties of love and railroad ties
United, let us proudly rise
Above the petty ills of strife
That choked to death the nobler life,
Till Banner city stamps our brow;
Though Banner county triumphs now.

Let each consent to fill her place,
And reign supreme, with pride and grace,
Since nature's glorious orb, the sun,
From east to west must daily run,
And scarce can tell which suits him best,
The golden east or crimson west.

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